



# What is Love?



159 1 11

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I am currently growing up having to watch my mother struggle and barely escape getting kicked out every month. She tries not to let her emotions show, but it's worse watching her stone hard face she slaps on every morning. My little brother, Jones, is always out of the loop, he's only 7. Bash however is our older brother, a perfect jaw line, toned arms and legs, and the best football and soccer player you've ever seen, and 17 he's like our parent we always wanted. The oldest is our sister, Sydney. She's 26 but we haven't seen her since Bash was born. Sydney is the disruptive one of the four. She smokes pot and drinks like there is no tomorrow. I however, am Constanza. I am 15, I adore rock music and am obsessed with writing. I love art, but I am absolutely no good at it. Bash and I are closer than any of us. I mean, we are the closest in age, Jones being so young and Sydney being so immature. Bash and I, we've struggled through life together, we understand each other. When we brawl in school, we have our backs to each other and fight our way to the top every day, we have eyes on all sides.

I was writing an article on my opinion (and many other's opinions) on the school spending millions of dollars on a field, when my mom came home with a guy so high he couldn't even touch his toes. After my mom walked away, the guy leaned in and smelled me. I quickly reacted and screamed as he began caressing my side going from my shoulder to my ass. Bash quickly rushed into the room and decked the guy. Soon after, I came up behind him and banged his head to my floor. I now had blood on my hardwood floor. My mother seemed to fly upstairs to my room because she was there the second she heard the smash. She began to "scold" Bash and I, when he interrupted. "He was feeling up my little sister, what did you expect to do, stand by and watch her get sexually assaulted?" Mom did the unimaginable and smacked Bash across the

face, he ran away from the blood and stumbled out of the room.

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Chapter 2 by ms.poptart

I glared at mom. "Why do you care? He was feeling up my little sister, what did you expect to do, stand by and watch her get sexually assaulted?" Mom did the unimaginable and smacked Bash across the face, he ran away from the blood and stumbled out of the room.

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and we wouldn't be having this conversation right now! Sometimes I just wish we had a different mom!" I screamed.

Bash's eyes widened and looked at me. I looked back at him and burst into tears. He came up and pulled me to his chest, giving me a comforting hug and never let go. I glanced at mom, tears running down my cheeks.

"You have caused everything that has happened to us. You don't even deserve the label 'mom' anymore. What happened to our old mom? The one that would do anything to keep us happy. Now she's just turned into a selfish, self-centered screw up. Just go away." I say and put my face into Bash's chest.

"I... I'm sorry." She mumbles and walks out the room.

Bash lets go of me and looks me in the eyes. "Don't you think that was a little harsh?" He whispers. I shrug. "I know it was but she let that guy touch all over me and has let other things happen to us. She doesn't care anymore, Bash. That's clear enough. She has screwed our lives over. We are all screwed because of her! A mom should make it easier, not be the one who caused it." I say. He nods in understanding. "I know. But she has a roof over our heads." He says. "And that's all she has ever done for us in years! I miss the old mom, the one who cared enough to feed us, sing us to sleep, care for us when we are sick! Now it's like you are the parent, Bash. You shouldn't have to do that! None of us should be going through this!" I say, loudly.

"I know we shouldn't." He says and shakes his head. "Are you okay?" He asks me, changing the subject and I was glad for that.

"Y-yeah, I guess so. That guy was a real creep." I shudder. "Yeah he was." He agrees. I look up at him and see a red mark on his face. "Are you alright?" I asked him, getting angry at 'mom' again. He shrugs. "I'm fine, I've had worse. We both have." He says.

"Yeah... Sadly we have." I say and despise the day 'mom' started to change. I always hoped she

would change back to her old self. But I quit believing that months ago. It's even a year ago. I now know and understand that I can't believe that mom is no longer with us anymore. She's long gone. She will never ever be coming back. Not anytime soon.

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